

# The Grail

(Title Registered in United States Patent Office)

THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Rev. Hilary DeJean, O. S. B., Editor. Subscription price \$1.00 a year. Canada \$1.25. Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

## FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



HERE is a case of real charity that came to my notice only a few days ago. The incident itself goes back over a good many years. The principle behind the incident is as old as the widow's mite. Here is the substance of the story: A young lady in the eastern part of the United States wrote to the Very Reverend Rector of the Major Seminary at St. Meinrad to ask whether it was true that Reverend X, a Deacon at the Seminary, had died. She had heard the report and was very much interested because she had been paying his board, lodging, and tuition over the long period of his studies. And now that he was within less than a year of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood he had succumbed to a sudden serious illness. Yes, he had died. That was the information that had to be sent to the young lady by the Rector.

This Reverend Deacon never knew who his Benefactor was. The money had been intrusted to some organization for the benefit of this particular Student for the Priesthood. It was the hard-earned money of a poor working girl, who had skimped and saved wherever possible, deny-

ing herself many pleasures and little luxuries that her companions habitually indulged in. All along she was encouraged by the bright thought of one day having a priest at the altar, placed there through her sacrifice and charity. God never granted this happy realization as planned by the generous little donor. Yet, the reward is registered, and God has surely accepted the intention for the deed.

It is a sign of genuine appreciation of faith when one is so deeply interested in the priesthood as to help promote deserving young men to that high office. Only through the office of the priesthood is faith preserved on this earth in accordance with the plan of our great High Priest, Christ Jesus. Ask yourself what you have done to prove your appreciation of the supernatural gifts that have come to you personally through the priesthood. Possibly this charity of the poor little working girl will be for you an inspiration.

Yours most cordially,

*Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.*

Abbot.

# Rearing Our Children

Herbert Palmer, O. S. B.

**C**HARITY is not the only thing that begins at home. As a matter of fact, it is merely the letter "A" in the alphabet of a good home education. Facts of which we have all been cognizant from the dawn of reason—knowledge that we are powerless to attribute to any teacher in particular—are invariably traceable to the school of our earliest childhood-home.

Indeed parents, working with the plastic material of a child's earliest years, are fashioning a mould into which the teachers of the elementary schools are later to pour their stock of learning. In the great majority of cases that mould has practically hardened into solidity before the school age has been attained. The great responsibility of parents in seeing that from the very beginning it is properly proportioned is at once apparent. Take as a practical example such a thing as obedience. The child who is not taught to obey before he goes to school may not—in fact is likely not to—obey at all. Obedience is but one of many points regarding which a child requires a pre-school education.

Education imparted at home is plainly stamped with an exclusive character. Parents who imagine that they are fulfilling their responsibility when they send their darling little Otto or Gertie on their way to school with a big red apple and a fond "goodbye—be good—be careful, dearies" are fooling nobody but themselves. Statisticians insist that only one fourth of a child's entire education is gained in the classroom. The other three (and more important) fourths naturally fall back upon the shoulders of someone other than the teacher.

Most of the hours spent outside the classroom are hours of recreation to the youthful mind. Now man never reveals himself as himself more openly than when he is off guard in recreation. In this respect the parents have a decided advantage over the teacher for noticing and nipping in the bud odious traits in the

child's makeup that may never reveal themselves at school. Even in the case of a Catholic child, neither Church nor school can make up for home deficiency. The home, on the other hand, should back and reenforce the teaching of the classroom and the Church.

Not everything necessary for life is or could be taught at school. A child must be given that education at home which he is likely to acquire elsewhere only under the most questionable circumstances—possibly with most damaging results.



The point most shamefully eliminated in our present system of culture is the treatment of religion. The futility of all knowledge devoid of God is well summarized in the "Imitation of Christ": "The more thou knowest and the better, so much the heavier will thy judgment also be unless thy life be also more holy." The Duke of Wellington has appropriately said: "Educate men without religion, and you make of them but clever devils." Or in the words of Emerson: "Great men are they who see that

spiritual is stronger than any natural force." From earliest childhood one should be taught the true Source of all his strength, that when his natural resources fail, as ultimately they must, there may be left to him a higher Refuge to which he may turn.

Education or culture in any field whatever looks primarily to the future. Yesterday's theory is today's guiding principle practically applied. In a word, education is capital investment for the future.

All great men of thought agree that knowledge imparted in the classroom merely serves as a taste—a stimulus which presupposes on the pupil's part an enlargement on each individual subject during leisure hours. A few hints, a set of principles, are the most the classroom can afford. Now the home is undoubtedly the best equipped laboratory for the conversion of nebulous theory into practical solids ap-

plicable and indispensable to future life.

In many schools the mind alone is educated. The one thing necessary is the training of character—of conscience—of will. Failure in adult life is invariably the result of undisciplined youth. "Train up a child," says Holy Scripture, "in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Aristotle himself, representing the thinking element of his day, contended that "the fate of empires depends upon the education of youth."

The homes of a nation are greater than its history because its history is written by its homes. And the government of the Christian home alone furnishes the proper model for good citizenship. This is an ideal that the head of every Catholic household should be justly proud to preserve intact. The home, the Church, the school are the children's training ground for a higher citizenship that is to come. If they qualify for admission as worthy citizens in the New Land, they are sure to be capable as native sons in this.

Parents must be both practical and cautious. Practicalness consists in supplying weapons with which existing or potential evils may be effaced and averted. Since literature affords so many dangers to the youthful mind of our own day, reading—the proper kind of reading—should head the list of "Remedies and Preventives." In a choice of material, a better standard than this of Holmes could scarcely be adhered to: "The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it inspires." Who would allow his children to associate with companions of questionable morals? Yet what are books? Swift provides a ready answer: "Books are children of the brain."

Another point: the wise parent is not the one who thinks that his Johnnie or Alice must lead their class; not the one who imagines that they are overworked; but the one who sizes up the mental possibilities of his boy or girl and then sees that his child does justice to his or her capabilities. Do not accelerate or retard your child's intellect.

A final suggestion: always give your child the real reason for your demands. Or, rather, assure yourself that he comprehends your reason. To create the impression that you wish to instil fear or afford protection to your child

are far from worthy motives. Make your child obey from a higher and more perfect motive. Says Shakespeare: "Strong reasons make strong actions."

Life then, it would seem, is a series of weary progressions from one school to another, from a lower to a higher, a constant uphill grade till at length we come for final examination before the Highest Seat of all learning. Says Thomas a Kempis: "The time will come when Christ—Master of masters—shall appear to hear the lessons of all men, that is, to examine the conscience of everyone." What He finds in each soul will be attributable not to the schooling acquired in any secular institution, but that culture of the soul as well as of the mind imparted through a more sacred establishment—the home. The home was the first school in the order of time; it must remain the first in the order of importance.

## *Condemned to Life*

WALTER SULLIVAN, O. S. B.

The court room is emptying; the jury are filing out; the judge has quit his bench. The warders approach to lead the prisoner from the dock—the prisoner condemned to death. The prison looms up, cold and gray; the door clangs to with a touch of finality. The prisoner is alone with his thoughts, thoughts of a wasted life: "Tomorrow I shall die; it is all over; I am condemned to death."

Tomorrow shall end it all? Condemned to death? Deluded man, tomorrow will be but the beginning of an endless existence. Tomorrow will not end it all! Tomorrow, when the electric current or the hangman's noose snuffs out your bodily life you will not stop living, but will go on for endless ages of woe or bliss.

Unhappy prisoner, many years ago your dear Mother was in travail for you, and when her pains were over you had begun to live. From that moment you were condemned to life. You had no choice in bringing yourself into existence, and you have no choice in removing yourself from existence.

Annihilation? A figment of the agnostic's mind which he cherishes not without moments of doubt, and finally rejects in his last agony.

(Turn to page 141)

# The Lovely Enigma

Amedea Patricia Bortolotti

## SYNOPSIS

Aline Randall, beautiful young ward of the elderly Bernard Leveau of Dubuque, Ia. has just secured a position as governess with the wealthy Catholic LaClare family in Chicago. Upon Aline's arrival, Mrs. Mason, aunt of the two children Dan and Dick LaClaire, welcomes the young girl warmly and makes her feel more like a member of the family than a governess. Aline finds the lovely Mrs. Mason somewhat of an enigma, and senses a tragic mystery in the older woman's life. Although Aline Randall's relations with the rest of the household are somewhat formal, an intimacy springs up between young Laurence LaClaire, uncle of the children—an intimacy that is ripening into love. The budding romance comes to a climax when Laurence escorts Aline to an open-air opera at Ravinia Park. There Laurence's humiliating proposal of marriage as a means to lift her into his own plane of wealthy society people turns Aline's regard for him into contempt. Aline refuses to receive further attentions from Laurence LaClaire, and requests him politely to leave her alone.

## CHAPTER 6

"AUNTY Marianne, where is Aunt Aline?" asked Dan at luncheon.

"We want Anty Aline," wailed Dick.

"She's very ill, my dears," replied Marianne Mason. Mr. Mason and Laurence both looked amazed and interested.

"What is the matter with Aline, darling?" Jim asked his wife.

"I sent for the Doctor around ten in spite of her protests, and he says she's mentally worried. He commanded a week's perfect quiet and rest. She defied him and said a week's rest would kill her with thinking alone. When she tried to get out of bed she was too weak to remain up. So with a good cry she went to sleep. I noticed it coming on."

"You did?" exclaimed Laurence in spite of himself.

"How so?" inquired her husband.

"Well, I spoke to you about seeing that she went out more. That was why. I feared she was lonely. She has seemed more pensive of late, older, at times rather sad. Her letters to Dubuque are thinner. She always confided in me so openly, and lately she looked at me as if she wanted to speak but couldn't force herself to do so." Marianne was sympathetic.

"But she told me yesterday just before tea that she was happy here," insisted Mr. Mason.

"She didn't seem ill after the performance last night," Laurence spoke truly.

"No?" Mr. Mason cast a suspicious glance at Laurence.

"No, not at all," Laurence repeated firmly.

"You'll excuse me?" Marianne had finished and left. The children were off to play. Mr. Mason and Laurence faced one another.

"Did you do this, Laurence?" demanded Jim.

"I don't know, sir. Really she wasn't ill last night."

"Did you insult her, Laurence? I'm not even suggesting you did. I'm merely trying to find the cause of her illness."

"No, sir—not—not—exactly."

"Well, just how did you insult her?"

"I proposed, sir, but—I didn't do it like you advised, sir!"

"Well, my suggestion wasn't dogmatic. Why should she be insulted at your way?" Jim Mason smiled at the younger man.

"If you please, sir, I'd rather not repeat it. She made me feel like a nickel, sir! I must have been crazy. Will you do me a favor, sir?" Laurence was standing—the boyishness seemed absent.

"Certainly, my son," replied Jim.

"Visit her today or tomorrow and ask her to let me see her—talk to her—just for five minutes. Make her promise!"

"Might it not disturb her?"

"I don't know, sir; but I've GOT to tell her."

"Very well." Then, "What made you do other than as I told you?"

"Something that happened, sir."

"I see. Very well, I'll ask her."

"Thank you, sir." Laurence left the room.

"Come in," Aline answered the knock at her door the next evening after the luncheon conversation.

"Good evening, Aline." Mr. Mason entered and sat on the chair beside the bed. "Marianne tells me you are feeling better."

"Yes. I'm not really ill. I just have to think and hate to think. I've lost my nerve not my health." She smiled at him.

"Would you grant me a favor?" he asked suddenly.

"Certainly." Without hesitation.

"Anything?" he insisted.

"Yes, anything," she replied, but searching his face keenly.

"Thank you for your trust in me. I'm going to ask you to see Laurence La Claire for five minutes without saying a word."

"I'd rather—did he—did he ask?"

"It was his request that I ask you; not as a favor to me however. I just added that part. You have promised."

"I always keep my promises. I hate to trouble him. Really, you are all treating me like a queen." She mustn't let him see her agitation.

"Aren't all women queens?" He asked kindly.

"No, many are just governesses out at hire," she laughed.

"What?" He jumped—suddenly seeing light. Then with a jerk, "Oh, you ought not tease an old man of near fifty!"

"I was just being practically honest. Anyhow, isn't it more fun being a governess than a queen? She has more choice, hasn't she?"

"I am sure she has. I must be getting on. I promised Laurence and he is waiting. Remember, he bargained with me for five minutes of silence. One of his tricks, no doubt; he's such a teaser." Mr. Mason left with a smile.

Aline closed her eyes as the door closed. What was Laurence up to? She didn't want to see him. It wasn't fair of him to insist on Mr. Mason's asking such a request. What could Laurence want to say? Would this thing never end? What could he say? Or what could she say? It was ended. Yes, what she told him was still true. She was still Aline and he was Laurence. He was just a man, used to having his every wish, now wanting her. He wouldn't

get her! These conceited men must learn that everything isn't theirs for the seeking and demanding.

"Aline," Laurence breathed her name from beside her and kissed her hand that lay on the white bedclothes.

Her eyes opened instantly. She stared at him; then her eyes grew cold and formal, beautiful in their arrogance. She had bargained not to speak. She wouldn't. She nodded her head in recognition of his presence.

"You're more beautiful than I ever dreamed."

he continued. Her deep blue eyes closed to show her weariness of such talk. Her dark curls remained quiet on the white pillow. Her red lips smiled.

"That's right, don't talk. But look at me. Aline, last night I meant to propose differently than I did. I spoke about it to Mr. Mason before tea and he thought it correct for me to ask you last night. He advised me whatever I did not to mention money to you. He said you were like Marianne in a way and would detest it. He said it had no place in love at all. When Larson and Wells made such a fuss about you it burned me up. That's why I beat it with you after the first act. When they gave you the candy and in-

vited you out, I could have killed myself for not having taken you out before. I—I forgot myself in my jealousy and thought I'd have to make myself appear better than they—to win your consent. I was thinking how much I detested their nerve!"

She was watching him now, earnestly. She felt he was telling the truth, but she knew these conceited men and might this not be a 'line'? He had vowed to get her, and this might be a cleverly thought-up plan. But she recalled his fairly dragging her to the soda fountain after the first act, his quiet with regard to Larson and Wells, his refusal to drive home with them.



### Love Unbounded

JAMES HANNIGAN

*God loves me so. I wonder why?  
I've oft betrayed His tenderness.  
For me He chose to live and die.  
God loves me so. I wonder why?  
My sin-stained soul has but to cry,  
And He forgives my willfulness.  
God loves me so. I wonder why?  
I've oft betrayed His tenderness.*

Wasn't this all a reason why he wanted her—to show them that he could get her? She shrugged her shoulders at him now.

"I know what you're thinking—this is just a game. Well, I can prove it by Mr. Mason that it isn't. You saw me speak to him. He'll tell you that I—I said I loved you!" A pause, then—"Now you can talk."

"If I did believe you and Mr. Mason, what difference does it make?" She inquired.

"You don't love me?" He demanded.

"I never said I did, Mr. La Claire. I'm sorry."

"You did love me. I read that poem of yours. Listen to it:

What makes this world a happy place  
To love and smile in sorrow?  
Is it the mem'ry of his face  
And hope of love tomorrow?

What makes the sky celestial blue  
Even when it's gray?  
Is it the thought of someone who  
Loves all you do and say?

What makes you smile at reprimand,  
Fight on until the end?  
Is it someone who'll understand  
Someone more than friend?

'Tis love that brightens up all gloom,  
'Tis love that makes you smile;  
'Tis love that makes dream flowers bloom;  
LOVE makes our lives worth while!

"Aline, you wrote that yesterday. You must have loved me."

"Can't one write a poem about love without being in love?"

"Yes, but you didn't."

"You forgot to consider it might be written to someone else."

"Do you ever understand all I do and say—like that poem?"

"I always understood you until last night; and even then I understood what you said."

"I just—just made a terrible blunder."

"Faulty technique, eh?" She smiled at him mockingly. She wasn't going to confess her love for him.

"Aline, I felt you cared. I FELT that until last night. I thought you did care when I read this poem; then I felt you had cared but ceased to care after my blunder. Now, I don't believe you ever loved me. Just forget it then. I'll

tell Jim I was wrong; that it was not the kind of love he and Marianne felt for one another. By the way, did you ever read the romance of their love? It is in print, written in third person by Jim and Marianne and put into third person by the writer brother Alphonse Renneau. Would you like to read it? I can get you a copy from my room."

"Yes, I've wanted to read it from the first day I came. Mrs. Mason told me to ask just anyone for it, but I hated to ask."

"It's a perfect love story, but a terribly sad one," he said as he returned placing the bound book on the bed. "I say, here's your tablet too. You're quite a poet. You can bring an atmosphere into the poem and make it seem very real. Hope you feel better soon." He arose.

"I'll read the book and return it tomorrow evening. Thank you for calling." And as he reached the door, suddenly—"Laurence!"

He closed it and came to her. "Yes?"

"I did mean that poem for you when I wrote it. I did think I loved you. It may be just another feather in your cap—but you were right—I did care for you." Aline's sense of honesty made her say these things, but her pride kept her from saying more.

"Aline, I'll be happy knowing you did care for me and that it was only my own error that made you cease to care. I can't help loving you more for the other night. You were so angry and then so sweet." He knelt by the bedside. She took one of his hands, smiled at him. He put one arm around her and stared into her face. The lids flew shut over the sincere blue eyes but not quickly enough.

"I know," he said joyously; "You still care! I know!"

"I'm glad you do," she had time to murmur before he kissed her.

"You will marry me?" He began boyishly—the old Laurence.

"I don't know, Laurence. I want time to think before I give that answer. Somehow I'm not sure we'd be happy. Now don't be angry; but it might be hard to make your friends accept me as one of the gang. But I'll think—I'll think hard."

"Promise to read that romance of Marianne and Jim?"

"Yes, but why so anxious?"

"I feel it will help. It places love above everything. True love the cause of all joy; defective, perverted, and excessive love the cause of all sin. It'll take your mind away from the big question for a while. You've got to get better. You needn't decide right away; stay on here and just wait. You'll see how much I love you; you won't have to decide. You'll just naturally marry me out of pity for the way I love you."

"Silly boy! Did Marianne do that?"

"No, but you will." He sat down beside her. "I say, you've got to rest at least five more days. I'll be in to see you every evening. Then you'll be all rested up and the children and I will go places and have fun."

"And get me all unrested! But I'll love it. If it wasn't for this novel I can read I'd not stay in bed at all."

"What's this about not staying in bed?" Inquired Mr. Mason entering.

"This lovely enigma has decided she wouldn't stay in bed if it weren't for the book here," explained Laurence.

"You can't use my title. I have a private use of it for my wife," Mr. Mason laughed.

"What title?" asked Aline.

"Lovely Enigma. That's what Jim insisted the book be called, and he always called Marianne that. But when he isn't around we'll use it." Laurence arose.

"Everything all right?" Mr. Mason asked of them both.

"Yes, perfectly," Laurence answered.

"Congratulations—both! I know you'll be happy."

"See, I told you I confided in him!" Laurence exalted.

"But it isn't settled—quite," Aline smiled.

"Well almost," taking Jim's hand, "good-night—patient!"

## CHAPTER 7

ALINE opened the book and, settling herself among the pillows, read;

### Preface.

Dear Readers:

I write this book to record the romance of my beloved sister, Marianne Renneau. The events were told to me by Marianne herself, by James Mason and others. It is not a story that would appeal to a general public, and again it is too personal to be given to a wide indifferent audience. Many of the scenes were written by my sister, Marianne, and then put into third person by myself. The volume is a standing token of my deep devotion to Marianne.

Alphonse Renneau.

### Part One.

"What did you want, Alphonse?" asked Charles of his friend.

"Charles, I'm going to entrust you with a big mission for me. My sister Marianne and her girl friend, Marie La Rue, are expecting me to drive to meet them tomorrow and bring them here from college. You know how I love Marianne and how I've

missed her these four years at college, her summers spent with friends? Well, now that the big day has come for me to claim her mine and bring her home to Father and me, an editor wants to see me about my story. It can't wait either, as he's starting on his vacation the next day. Will you drive for Sis and her chum?" Alphonse, usually so calm, was much excited.

Marianne's mother had died when Marianne was but a week old, and the devout French father had had his daughter brought up in the best convent schools crowned by education at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College; with trips over the country to Europe during the summer vacations.

(Turn to page-156)

### Sympathy

SISTER M. AGNES FINLEY, O. P.

*Suffering Love, how sad Your face!  
Sacred wounds, I you embrace.  
O, my patient, gentle Friend,  
When will separation end?  
Dearer You than all the world,  
Anything its space can hold;  
Dearer? Ah, my Lord, my God!  
Have I not Your footsteps trod?*

*Suffering Spouse, I cannot speak  
Looking on Your face so meek;  
All my heart can do is love  
Drawn to You and things Above.  
Waiting till my work is done,  
Waiting till my time has run,  
Waiting for You, Prize worth while;  
For Your beatific smile.*

# Catholic Philosophy

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

LIKE the true Church of God so also true philosophy must be catholic by its very nature. The Church of God was established for all people of every age and clime. In other words, the Church must be universal. To express this idea we use the word "Catholic." It is most silly to raise a four-fold frown on the forehead and to be filled with hatred and bitterness when the word "Catholic" is uttered.

If a person wished to reject the word "Catholic" he must also reject the idea that it conveys. The only rational way to be dissatisfied with a word is because one is dissatisfied with the idea that it expresses. It is stupidity to denounce a word not knowing its meaning. Hence to reject the word "Catholic" when applied to the Church is to reject the idea that the Church of God is universal. It was then not intended for all people. Any Church denying that it is part of the Catholic Church by that very fact denies that it belongs to the Church of God.

Truth is also universal; it is eternal and does not change from time to time, nor from place to place. Since philosophy is concerned with truth of this kind, philosophy, too, must be catholic. For this reason we speak of the philosophia perennis—the philosophy that has held its ground throughout the ages. It is built on rock-bottom principles that cannot be shaken.

Although true philosophy by its very nature must be catholic, still when we call philosophy catholic we do so not for the reason that it is universal, but because it has an intimate con-

nection with the Catholic Church. Hence in speaking of catholic philosophy we can describe it from two view-points. In the first place we can consider it from the general principle that it must be catholic for the same reason that the Church must be catholic. Although philosophy has not received the name catholic from this consideration nevertheless the idea is there. In the second place true philosophy not only is

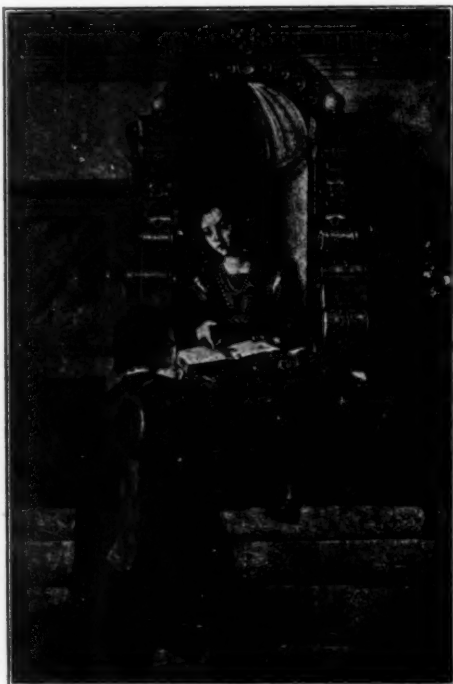
catholic but is called so on account of its relation with the Church. This is the second consideration.

Considering philosophy from the first point of view true philosophy must have all the attributes which the word "Catholic" suggests. It must be universal. Harmony of doctrines and perfect unity must prevail. Contradictory doctrines would condemn any system of philosophy to the scrap-heap. Any philosopher who claims to be independent and outside of catholic philosophy by that very fact dissociates himself from true philosophy.

True philosophy is intimately connected with the Catholic Church. Both the Church and philosophy

are concerned with truth whose author is God. God cannot contradict Himself and so true philosophy is never opposed to any truth taught by the true Church. On the contrary true philosophy is a powerful help to man to come to a better understanding of the dogmas of faith. For that reason the Church is extremely interested in philosophy and she prescribes that every candidate for the priesthood must devote at least two years to the study of philosophy

(Turn to page 157)



# The Two Franciscans

M. V. Reidy

ALTHOUGH I was at this time well acquainted with the tact and discretion of Colonel Wogan, I thought it rather strange that he should advertise who we were, and where we were bound for, to the numerous loiterers around the Quay at Dunkirk. As everyone knows the place swarmed with British Secret Service spies during the period when Titus Oates reigned as the uncrowned King of England.

"It was an advertisement intended for all listening ears, Master Staniforth," he said to me on our way back to the inn, "an announcement that I, Colonel Wogan, a retired officer of the French Army, and thyself, Charles Staniforth, member of a well-known Papist family in the North of England, were about to leave Dunkirk for England. It is known to many spies that we have been to Louvain, Rome, St. Germain, and have mixed much with Irish and English papists on the Continent, and as many a spy will be curious as to our movements and objects, why not satisfy that curiosity and give them something substantial to work upon from the start?"

Colonel Wogan smiled grimly when he had finished speaking.

"You have a motive, Colonel Wogan," I said, "or otherwise you would not have acted so?"

Colonel Wogan nodded.

"It was just a sprat thrown out to catch a salmon—or a shark."

At the inn he spoke in an undertone to Pedro, the Spanish proprietor, who seemed to be intimately acquainted with him. The inn-keeper laughed quietly at something Colonel Wogan said to him.

We partook of a hurried meal, the inn-keeper serving us himself, wearing the while an inscrutable smile when he glanced now and then at Colonel Wogan, who preserved a spinx-like countenance as he sat in silence. Occasionally I saw him glancing through the inn window into the courtyard outside.

When we had both finished our meal, there came a gentle tap at the door.

Pedro, the landlord, entered.

"Colonel Wogan," he said "there are two Franciscan friars whom I can accommodate tonight in the rooms you and Mr. Staniforth are about to vacate. Hearing of your name from acquaintances at Houses of their Order, they desire to pay their respects to you, if you do not resent the intrusion."

"Show them in by all means, Pedro," replied Colonel Wogan, "I have always a soft spot in my heart for members of their Order, and nothing will please me better, if I can be of any service to them."

The landlord bowed and withdrew.

He returned in a few moments accompanied by two friars, clad in the habit of Saint Francis. They both bowed with deep respect to Colonel Wogan, at whom they looked with profound admiration, nodding with little ceremony to me.

"A thousand pardons for our intrusion, Colonel Wogan," said the senior of the two friars. "My name is Father Ignatio Maspero, and both I and my companion, Brother Leo, have heard much about the prowess and skill of Colonel Wogan in outwitting the enemies of Holy Church."

"I am, Reverend Father, entirely undeserving of your admiration or your praise," replied Colonel Wogan, "As I have mentioned to the landlord, I am always happy to be able to bestow even the slightest service on members of your Order, which I love and revere."

Colonel motioned to the friars to be seated.

"A thousand thanks, good sir, on my own behalf, and on that of Brother Leo," said Father Ignatio. "We have travelled far and it will be a pleasure to be able to tell our brethren in Siena that we have met and spoken to you."

"The name of your friary brings sweet and holy memories," said Colonel Wogan.

"Have you ever been there, Colonel Wogan?" asked Father Ignatio; "hast thou visited the church and friary of the Observants; hast thou seen the spots made sacred by our holy and beloved San Bernardino?"

"These are pleasures, the anticipation of which sweetens the future, Father Ignatio," replied Colonel Wogan.

"Ah, you would love Siena!" exclaimed Father Ignatio fervently, "It is beautiful at all times, in the fragrant morning, in the magic twilight. Siena! the jewel set in the spur of the hills, a city of ancient fame."

"I have heard of its Etruscan walls," said Colonel Wogan, "of its spreading vines, of its full rich grapes."

"Precious wine of Chianti!" exclaimed Father Ignatio. "From my cell I can see its vines, Colonel Wogan, and that reminds me that we have still a flagon left of the vintage of 1629. May I ask good Brother Leo to open it so that we can pledge our mutual healths?"

"You do me too much honour, Father Ignatio," replied Colonel Wogan, as Brother Leo withdrew a flagon of wine from his leathern wallet.

The Colonel took the flagon from the hands of Brother Leo, held it in his own, and glanced at it as though it were a precious thing.

Brother Leo made a polite effort to regain the bottle from Colonel Wogan so that he might withdraw the cork.

"Good Brother Leo is the only one in our friary who is allowed to uncork wine," said Father Ignatio, with a smile; "he is one of a family of famous vine growers, and an artist

in the management of wine."

"Father Ignatio," replied Wogan, "I bow to the superior skill of the good brother; but through my mother, one of the Butlers of the County Tipperary, I, too, am descended from an illustrious line of cork-drawers. Be reassured, dear Brother Leo, I am not unskilled at your inherited art."

Brother Leo bowed rather stiffly to Wogan, as he sat down, and I thought I noticed a momentary glance of disappointment flash across the countenance of Father Ignatio.

When our four glasses were full, we all stood and pledged our mutual healths.

We drank a second and a third time, Colonel Wogan pouring out the wine. Then we sat and talked, until finally the two frairs showed unmistakable signs of drowsiness. Soon they were asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Colonel Wogan arose to his feet with a sudden fit of laughter. Then he commenced acting so strangely

that for a moment I thought the wine must have gone to his head.

First he came to the back of Father Ignatio's chair, and jerked it violently backwards, causing the unconscious form of the friar to fall backwards on the hardwood floor, on which his skull descended with a resounding tap.

Then he did the same for Brother Leo.

I stood dumbfounded as he made a thorough



### Storms of Soul

CHARLES SUMMERS

*A man who has embarked for distant shore,  
His vessel filled with all for which he craves,  
Expecting pleasant voyage o'er the waves,  
Becomes affrighted when the breakers soar  
Above the craft's frail sides and bull-like gore  
Its frame, until the ruthless sea enslaves  
His ship when port is near. His life he saves  
By leaving those allurements prized before.*

*Thus oft in struggle for eternal life  
A man would keep his ballast—faults, defects,—  
Until a burst of light within his soul  
Reveals that peace and joy are won by strife.  
He learns his danger, folly, and elects  
To give up all that he may reach his goal.*

search through the clothing of both the unconscious men, and withdrew a bundle of papers which he found in an inside pocket of Father Ignatio.

He laid the bundle of papers on the table, and, seizing the leathern bag which Brother Leo carried, also laid that by the side of the papers.

Light broke on me at last. They were spies! Colonel Wogan looked at me and smiled.

"Salmon?" I asked.

"No, sharks," he answered, as he commenced hastily to examine the contents of the leathern bag and the bundle.

When he had finished, he tapped the little gong on the table.

The landlord entered.

"There is a reward offered, Pedro, for the recovery of the golden reliquary of Saint Audomarus, stolen from the Church of St. Bertin at St. Omer two months ago," said Colonel Wogan.

"Yes," exclaimed Pedro excitedly, "you don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do," replied Wogan, "the reliquary is here, and these two wolves in sheep's clothing are either the receivers or the thieves."

"They are the thieves," exclaimed Pedro, as he examined the left hand of the pretended lay brother, and lifted the left ear of the pretended Father Ignatio. "The reliquary was stolen after the church was visited by two pretended friars answering the general description of the two fish you landed in your net, one of them wanting a thumb on the left hand, which is the good Brother Leo, and the other having a mole behind his left ear, which is the equally good Father Ignatio."

"They are expert spies as well as thieves," said Colonel Wogan. "I shall retain most of the documents, and thereby save the lives of many priests at present hiding in London, or just about to sail for there. Do not let them escape you, Pedro, as they are slippery customers. The one calling himself Father Ignatio is a jackal of Titus Oates, and is in direct correspondence with him. You can return the golden reliquary, Pedro, and the reward for so doing is yours."

The inn-keeper thanked Colonel Wogan heartily. I withdrew from the leathern bag a small phial containing a most powerful drug,

and showed it to Wogan and Pedro.

"That was meant for us, Master Staniforth," said Colonel Wogan, "but I checkmated them when I did the uncorking of the bottle myself. I ringed it, as your uncle Ambrose would say."

I glanced at the gold ring which Colonel Wogan held over the dark green cover of a book which lay on the table. With his finger-nail he pressed an almost invisible lever. For a second a tiny jet of white powder poured from the ring, like sand from an hour-glass. Then I knew what happened.

There was a tiny hillock of white powder on the book cover, no larger than a pin head. "Just that quantity," said Colonel Wogan, "has sent our two friends to sleep for many hours to come."

And, with Pedro, we finished the bottle of Chianti.

### *Condemned to Life*

(Continued from page 133)

The whole creation of God cries out against annihilation. The cycle of the seasons is against it; the transformation of energy disproves it; the human heart expels the ugly idea with repugnance. Everything in nature is opposed to annihilation, and can you cherish an idea which has no counterpart in God's whole creation?

You are condemned to live forever. Your soul is immortal. It rests with you during the fleeting time that remains, to decide whether that endless life that lies beyond the change which is death shall be forever happy or eternally wretched.

### *Gossip*

H. D.

A tongue as sharp as a whetted knife,  
A mind grown hard in hate and strife—  
And a spark flared.

A tiny spark, at first it flew;  
But breath by breath it quickly grew,  
And a flame glared.

And he whose life had known no shame  
Writhes in the torture of that flame  
In confusion.

And the spirits blest who note our deeds  
Shed tears for him whose heart now bleeds  
In profusion.

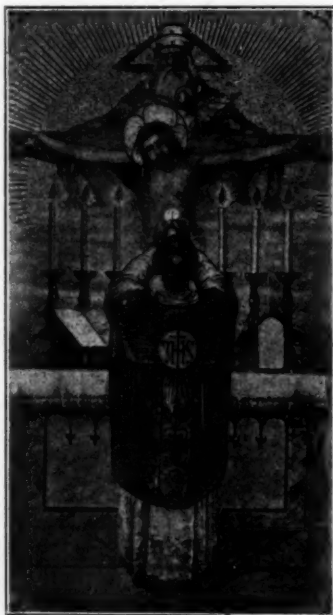
# The Sign of the Son of Men

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

**I**N the burning heat of the desert the Israelites saw the "Sign of the Son of Man" in figure and were healed of the bite of the fiery serpents. His Satanic Majesty saw it on the bloody heights of Calvary and laughed—at first, then bowed an unwilling knee. The early Christians saw it in the eloquent words of the Apostles and won a bloody victory over the lust and cruelty of pagan tyrants. Constantine the Great saw it in the heavens, the setting sun its footstool, and vanquished his rival to the imperial throne and then conquered himself, bowing in willing subjection to it. All who have ever lived and all who are yet to come into this life will one day see it coming in the clouds of heaven all resplendent with the majesty and glory of God. But by then the victory will have been won or lost forever.

Daily we see the sign of the cross and many times a day we use it. Yet, how often do we get the full benefit of the Cross? Each sign of the cross should provoke an infinite wealth of thought. Take, for instance, a few thoughts from the sign of the cross made by the priest as he begins Holy Mass. What more logical introduction to the Mass could the Church find? In the Sacrifice of the Mass and in the Sacrifice of Calvary there is an identity of Victim and an identity of Minister. In fact the Sacrifice of the Mass is the Sacrifice of Calvary. The Mass is not merely a presentation of the drama of Calvary, it is not even a resuscitation or revival of the Supreme Sacrifice; it is the Supreme Sacrifice in reality. The Church wants this impressed deeply on every mind, so she commands every priest to begin every Mass with the sign that makes Christ and His priest one in the sight of all.

Another reason why the sign of the cross is the only logical introduction to the Mass is because the sign of the cross forms the ideal intention by which we can offer anything, but especially the Mass, to God for His honor and glory and for our salvation. To make the sign of the cross properly we must employ thought, word, and deed. It is a dedication of our entire interior and exterior self to the Triune God. We must attentively say the words and we must reverently carry out the prescribed exterior action. The touching of forehead, breast, and each shoulder, of course, gives us the outline of a cross, but the striking significance of these gestures is readily grasped when we consider the symbolic meaning of the various parts of the body touched. The head was always considered the seat of intellectual activity, the breast the seat of the emotions and the centre of life, the shoulders represented the source of strength. Now, if we apply this symbolism to the Persons of the Holy Trinity, it works out perfectly. Of course, the external activity of the Godhead is not confined to any one of the individual Persons, but we, in order better to understand something of the infinite mystery of Three Persons in one God, ascribe to the different Persons different acts. We refer to the Father as the Creator, the Son as the Redeemer, the Holy Ghost as the Sanctifier. The work of the creation was essentially an act of the intellect, consequently to touch the forehead when referring to the Father fits in very nicely. The work of the Redemption was a work of Love. "Greater love than this no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friends." Nothing but Love could have led God even to commence the work of the Redemption of fallen man.



The Redemption must likewise be considered as the source of life. By His memorable victory over death Christ released men from that punishment which had been meted out in Paradise to sinful mankind.

The Redemption, too, is the source of our spiritual life and of our eternal life to come. Before the advent of Christ the souls of the just obtained life only through the anticipation of the merits of the Passion. We, after Christ, must look back to that same Passion from which to draw our vitality. Is it not reasonable, then, that the priest commence with the sign of the cross the act that is to bring down from Heaven the Bread of Life?

The Holy Ghost's mission is to sanctify man and to give him the grace that will make him strong enough to withstand the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil. He must give him also later on the strength to bear the dazzling splendor of the Beatific Vision. Do you still wonder that the priest is commanded to sign himself with the sign of the cross at the beginning of Mass?

The sign of the cross likewise implies acts of faith, hope, and charity: faith in the essential dogmas of Catholicity, hope in the merits of Christ's Passion, love for the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. The sign of the cross as a confession of faith is the distinguishing mark of a Catholic. One or the other of the sects may make use of some form of the cross, but only a Catholic can really make that sign and believe all that it signifies. As an act of hope the sign of the cross excels in scope and efficacy many of the long and made-to-order prayers that have so much popularity. For centuries hope has been represented by an anchor which is nothing but a cross turned upside down. We can easily see the connection between the sign of our Salvation and the virtue of hope. Without the cross of Calvary hope would be impossible. Finally when we love some person or object, we tend consciously or unconsciously to imitate or copy the characteristics of the object of our affections. When the priest wishes to make a return of love in the Mass for the love shown him by Divine Love in that same Mass, he can find no better way than by making on himself the sign that is inseparable from the Man-God. The cross was

Christ's proof of His love for us; we can only show our love and gratitude by making a copy of His emblem and by weakly looking to Him for His approval of our attempt.

The sign of the cross is so expressive of mysteries that it simply must have an intimate connection with the Mystery of mysteries: the Mass. When the priest is ready to say Mass, he wants to show to all the world that he is an alter Christus. Therefore he makes a large sign of the cross on his person. No priest nor any person on earth will ever discover a better way to manifest the identity of Christ and His priesthood than through the sign of the cross. It is the priest's password which he gives before entering upon the service of the Lord. It proves his right to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Today very few people look on the sign of the cross as the sign that dealt paganism its deathblow. Protestantism has conspired with the modern remnants of paganism to cover up the Sign of Salvation. When the modern world speaks of the cross, if it ever does, it uses the word in the sense of burdensome pain and suffering. But, characteristically, the world only looks at one side of the picture. The Cross always did mean sorrow and always will, but it does also mean so much more that the world has overlooked. It means that pain and sorrow and even death have been conquered. It is the sign of victory; it is the sign of the triumphant Son of Man.

### *The Name of Jesus*

"A whole nation will rise up with enthusiasm at the mention of the name of some hero who has done it a service. Napoleon is a proud name in France; the Pole thrills at the sound of Kuscusko; Nelson, Wellington, Alfred, are names that make Englishmen glory; America almost lives upon the names of Franklin, Washington, and Lincoln... And such is the Holy Name of Jesus. It is no chance name like yours or mine, given to us as a label by which we are to be known through life, of itself meaning nothing, and destined to mean just what we make it mean, no more nor less."

—Rev. Alban Goodier, S. T.

## The Editor's Page

# OUR DAK



HERE were five young ladies in the group, and to me they seemed to be average American girls. Upon questioning, I found that all of them had graduated from the local high school, an average high school in an ordinary American city. So I put a question to each of them, not expecting that the answers would be so fully up to my expectations. Here is the question:

"Think back on your four years of high school. Now can you tell me one definite thing you learned during those four years?"

The first reaction was one of bewilderment; as though no one should be expected to answer such a question. But I insisted. Then one ventured that she had "had" English. The others concurred. Then Latin, then math., etc., etc.

"All right," I said; "Now, in English—tell me one definite thing you learned."

Silence.

"In Latin—how many words do you know?"

"Aqua."

"Vir."

Silence.

I taught two years in a Catholic high school, most of whose pupils were boarders, with their routine and studies supervised. In the "required" Latin classes, though I did everything but actually learn the matter for the

boys, I think I may safely say that not one in twenty-five learned any Latin at all. And in English class I should not have been surprised to see on the test papers that Shakespeare was a verb! In religion, when I tell you that one pupil wrote "The Pope lives in the Vacuum," I am but indicating feebly the mental content of at least half the pupils.

The late beloved Ring Lardner once wrote a humorous article entitled "What I Ought to of Learnt in High School." Of course it is very, very funny. But after you have dried your eyes from tears of laughter, you sit back soberly and recall that, to be a real humorist, you must have a sound philosophy; and that there is more solid reasoning behind such things as Will Rogers' daily squibs than in all the works of our popular philosophers.

I do not make a pretence of being a major prophet. However, I do believe that a distant day will come when historians will look back on the phase of high school education through which we are passing and point to it as the most tragically silly waste of time and money to which a nation has ever been put. For never in all the preceding ages have so much money and so many years been spent in so vain an attempt to produce an educated mass of citizens.

Abstracting entirely from the religious feature (the lack of which is going to spell doom to our very com-

# AK AGES

monwealth), there is one thing lacking in our purpose and method of education which will mean failure to all but the most ambitious and industrious; and that is the lack of *mastery*. This we can understand best by contrast.

Let any high school teacher of Latin enter his class room this month and say: "Boys and girls, this is a class in Latin; hence, within a very short time you will be expected to be able to speak and understand easy sentences in Latin, and within a year or so, read, write, and speak Latin with comparative ease."

What a laugh he would get. But have you been reading the life of St. Thomas More in the recent issues of *THE GRAIL*? If so, you learned that at the family meals father and children spoke only Latin, and could crack some good jokes in that "impossible" tongue. Even today in Europe it is taken as a matter of course that a pupil who has studied Latin knows Latin: can read, write, and speak it with facility.

Have you ever met an American who could do it? Why not? The answer is simple: it seems never to have been the idea of educators that pupils should do so. To them, Latin composition means simply slavish translation with the aid of copious vocabulary, notes, and—the teacher. In other words, our pupils "take" Latin, whereas others learn Latin.

There are other causes which lead

up to this attitude. The pupil, on entering high school, finds that to achieve a diploma he must have so many hours of different branches to his credit. It makes no difference at the end as to what he knows or does not know; if he has achieved a 75 per cent grade in a subject he gets as much credit as the one who made a 95 per cent.

Now, returning to Latin (though we may use any high school branch for example), he finds that in the list of ingredients necessary to brew his diploma he must show credits for two years of Latin. Ho hum! All right. I'll get my 75 some way. And, dear boy, this is all that is necessary!

Worse still, we have the abominable elective system, in virtue of which mere children are allowed to choose which subjects they may think best (or easiest) to pursue. So if Mickey finds the going too rough in Latin the first year, he can shift to Spanish the second year. He can even exchange some branches for tap dancing. O tempora! O mores!

Have you some education? Then challenge the next high school graduate you meet, telling him he doesn't know anything. And you will see that I have not exaggerated the situation. No wonder we are a land of schools without scholars, of books without literary genius.

And they dare speak to us of the Dark Ages!

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

# *A Pair of English Martyrs*

(Recently canonized)

*Lambert Nolle, O. S. B.*

ST. THOMAS MORE AS A WRITER (*Continued*)

FOR a long time More had felt a great repugnance to read Luther's Latin books on account of their abusive language and their blasphemies against Holy Mass, the Sacraments, and the Holy See. At last he was induced to write against the new heresies. Examining the arguments which the false teachers drew from the Scriptures he said it would be easy for him, out of the same passages by the same method of private judgment and neglect of tradition, to start at once fifteen different new sects. Did he anticipate the arising of more than 300 sects in Protestant countries?

Knowing the king's temperament if opposed, and being also aware of Bishop Cramner's secret Lutheran conviction, More dreaded that the time would come when Catholics in England would willingly tolerate Protestant churches if they would only be allowed to keep their own and freely practice their religion. That he did not see too black is shown by the persecution of Catholics soon after his time, when saying and hearing Mass secretly were capital crimes. For this reason he did all he could to rouse Catholics to zeal for the knowledge, practice, and maintenance of their religion, and exhorted them not to sleep in security whilst the enemy was busy. He took one argument from the law courts, saying: "Suppose a man has a good case in a lawsuit and relying on it does not in time gather his evidence, whilst his opponent by the help of a wily lawyer makes out a strong case for himself, what will happen? The court will decide in favor of the one who put the evidence before it, and the good case, not stated, will not avail the party anything. With his penetrating mind he foresaw what we have learned from the history of the last four centuries, viz., that Protestantism, built on the shifting sands of private opinions, would gradually slip down to the denial of Christ's divinity, to godlessness and the decay of Christian morality; hence his determined defense of the faith.

More made these efforts for the maintenance of the true religion from the most unselfish motives, that is, for the love of God and zeal for souls. Writing books was at that time not a profitable occupation unless a patron to whom the work was dedicated was generous; for the printers usually gave only a few free copies. The English bishops valued More's efforts highly, and when he gave up the chancellorship and was in straightened circumstances they collected amongst themselves the sum of £5000, now worth twenty times as much, so that he should have something to live on comfortably. But he would not accept a penny, not even for his family. (Did he foresee that later all would be confiscated?)

Whilst his secular and controversial books are today not read except for historical and literary purposes, his pious books are of practical use even in our days. It is characteristic that in 1522 this merry and cheerful scholar, when he was only 44 years old and had just become treasurer, should write a treatise on the last Four Things. He did not complete it, because, as it is said, he had encouraged his daughter Margaret to write on the same subject, and when he had read her manuscript he considered hers better than his own and stopped writing any further. One is struck that the thought of imprisonment and execution were often in his mind. Just as in an early epigram he brings in the "block" of the executioner, so here he speaks of all men as prisoners, the one in high office being entrusted by the jailor to look after others, whilst still remaining locked up. But one day the door will be opened and the sheriff and the cart will come for him just as for the execution of a condemned man and will deliver him up to the executioner—death.

During his imprisonment in 1534 he wrote his "Dialogue of Comfort in Tribulation." The manuscript was smuggled out of the Tower and printed first in Queen Mary's time in London, 1553, and later on the continent. The Comforter is supposed to be an old Hungarian gen-

tleman who lives there at the time of the Turkish invasion, when many evils had befallen the unfortunate country. The last part of the book mentions the fact that there was then a great danger of apostasy, as many were tempted to give up their faith in order to save themselves from loss of goods, imprisonment, or even death. The writer, imprisoned in the Tower, foresaw that if the imprisonment which had already considerably weakened him did not kill him, he would be called upon to suffer death for the faith, and he had already strengthened and forearmed himself with Christian motives to lose everything else rather than his soul. More had also begun to write a treatise on the Passion of our Blessed Lord; but he had come only as far as the passage at Mount Olivet: "Then they laid hands upon him" when his writing materials were taken from him and he was thus unable to write further.

However much learning and zeal are to be found in those books in which he is defending the Church, still the full saintly man with all his gifts is best detected in his books of piety. Cressacre More, the Martyr's grandson, thinks that his grandfather "handled his subject so wittingly as none have come near him either in weight or grave sentences, devout considerations or fit similitudes; seasoning always the troublesome matter with some merry jests or pleasant tales, as it were with sugar, whereby we drink up the more willingly these wholesome drugs, of themselves unsavory to flesh and blood."

His best biographer, Fr. Bridget, C. SS. R., (London, Burns and Oates) says: "Blessed Thomas More stands quite alone among the ascetic writers of the Church; for while he is not inferior to the best ecclesiastics in his use of Holy Scripture, his knowledge of the human heart, his analysis of the workings of the passions and the counterworkings of grace,—he considers it his layman's privilege to use a livelier style, and to illustrate his matter with an abundance of merry stories." These characteristics appear in very clear light when we compare with these pious writings those which his fellowmartyr, Saint John Fisher, wrote at the same time in his prison close by, viz., his "Spiritual Consolation" addressed to all, and his "Ways to Perfect Religion," meant for his cloistered sister, both of them breathing the

deep learning and piety of a grave and austere ecclesiastic.

#### THE LORD CHANCELLOR

When Henry VIII first had taken More into his service the latter told him he was first to look to God and only then to his monarch. In later times More reminded him and others of this injunction which dated from the time when the king was to all appearances still virtuous. It was different when our Saint became chancellor. Although the king in 1521 had written a book against Luther and had upheld the dignity of the sacraments, also of matrimony, he had ceased to be a faithful husband. Since 1527 he had tried to have the validity of his marriage with Catherine examined under the pretext of scruples, at the same time protesting what a terrible calamity his separation from the virtuous queen would be. Most people, also More, knew his hypocrisy and his relations with Anne Boleyn. Cardinal Wolsey fell into disgrace, although he had done his best to have the king's marriage declared invalid, because Anne knew he was working for Henry's union with a French Princess, and in her hatred of Wolsey persuaded the king to dismiss him as chancellor. He died just in time to escape severer penalties than the confiscation of his goods.



Chelsea Old Church.  
Blessed John Lanke, Rector,  
1531.

Here  
Saint Thomas More,  
Chancellor of England,  
daily served Mass.

"This world is not our eternal dwelling. Let our little while wandering."

Sir Thomas foresaw great evils that were to befall religion in England, and when he was appointed chancellor he said: "Considering how wise and honorable a prelate has lately taken so great a fall I have no cause to rejoice in this new dignity." He knew that it was meant to be a bribe to make him side with the king in the "great affair" of the divorce, for his name would have counted much in England and all over Europe. More could not refuse the office without a great risk for his life. But he hoped like many that the king would soon tire of Anne as of others before. When he was asked to express his opinion freely he tried to soothe the king's pretended scruples by giving reasons for the validity of the marriage. For the rest he kept himself aloof from the proceedings, seeing "that the matter was in hand by an ordinary process of the spiritual law, whereof he had little skill." When the king urged him to be instructed in the matter by some bishops and canonists and yet he could not take the king's view, he was left free and used in other business. The chancellor at that time was not only the chief minister and confidential advisor of the king in foreign and home affairs, but also the chief legal functionary as president of the House of Lords and of the star chamber which were the highest courts of appeal and of political crimes.

On entering on his high office, More found the work of the High Court very much in arrears. Even though special commissioners had been appointed to assist Cardinal Wolsey, some cases had been pending for twenty years. After a short time, owing to his conscientious industry, his legal insight and his rapid yet fair decisions, all waiting cases had been disposed of. On one occasion when he had settled the first one and called for the second there was none left for decision. He used to sit in the afternoons in the open hall of the law court so that everyone had free access to him. One of his sons-in-law said jokingly to him, that in Wolsey's time the friends of the Cardinal had a chance of making a little money by showing favours to petitioners; but the new chancellor's relations were not able to open the doors as a favour or giving precedence for a consideration, because everyone had the same free access to him through the open door. Some judges in the lower courts, who sometimes through inad-

vertence, carelessness, or ignorance, had not observed the legal rules, were at first annoyed that the chancellor by injunctions made them try the cases again; for they had not been accustomed to such strict control. The chancellor, hearing of their murmurings, invited them all to dinner, and afterwards in easy conversation put some cases before them without mentioning names or places, and asked their opinions about them. They had to agree that in all of them the injunctions would be justified; the murmurings ceased and justice was dealt out more carefully and equitably.

Sir John More lived to see his son in the highest legal position in the kingdom and was at the time himself a judge in a lower court. So great was the gratitude and reverence for his father that, when Sir Thomas on his way passed the lawcourt in which his father was sitting, he went in, knelt before him and asked his blessing. Our Saint was highly esteemed and greatly beloved as a judge for his impartiality, shrewdness and industry. One example for his earlier days as Sheriff may be interesting. A poor woman had lost a dog, but after some time she found out that the captor of it had sold it to Lady More, who, in the meantime, had become greatly attached to the animal. The owner had confidence enough in court to claim the restoration of the animal, but could adduce no proof that it was hers. Sir Thomas, sitting in judgment on the case, told Lady More to stand at one end of the hall, the claimant at the other. He himself took hold of the dog and told both of them to call it. When they did so and he let the dog go, it ran to the poor woman, and in consequence he gave judgment for her against his wife. Then offering the poor woman a gold coin (which far surpassed the value of the dog) he asked her if she were willing to hand it over to Lady More. She accepted the bargain and both parties were satisfied. Even in his own days and much more after his time when England was protestant, some writers tried to blacken his memory by horrible tales of his cruelty to heretics. As he knew from the history of the Lollards and Husites, and also from the conduct of the Anabaptists, that the inventors and propagators of heresies were the enemies of the public peace and the originators of bloodshed, in his public

(Turn to page 157)

## When Reason Fails

Joseph V. Rorke

"FIFTEEN years was a long time," the warden said. "But you're a young man yet, Scalfaro. You've been an exemplary prisoner, a trusty for ten years. I hope that has taught you it pays to be amenable to the law. If you live right, you have nothing to fear. But I think it is only fair to warn you that the slightest deviation will bring you back here. And I don't want to see that. I want you to obey the laws outside as you have inside. You have many good years before you, if you live them right. Good luck."

"Thanks," Scalfaro said. "I have nothing against you. You've been on the level."

But everybody hadn't been on the level with Nick Scalfaro. He was only sixteen when Tony Caforelli framed him; accused him of killing his own father; placed the gun in his room; had witnesses swear they had overheard him quarreling with his father. He had no alibi, and the law takes facts at their face value. The jury, however, moved to sympathy by his youth, had held out for second degree murder and asked for leniency. Caforelli had visited him once in prison when he thought Nick was going to get the chair, and had gloated over the way he had framed him.

Nick had asked, "Tony, did you kill my father yourself?"

"Stranger things have happened," Tony smiled complacently. "Now maybe you wish you hadn't queered me with your sister, huh, what? Now maybe your sister will listen to reason, yes?"

"If I ever get out of here, I'll kill you on sight," Nick said through clenched teeth.

Scalfaro knew the consequences if he killed Tony Caforelli. He would be the first one the police would look for. Yet his implacable hate led him to Jake's second-hand shop. Jake's knowledge of the underworld was unlimited, and he dealt in bootleg guns.

"Hello, Nickie. Glad to see you're out of stir," Jake said.

"Yeah. They haven't caught up with you yet, huh?"

"Nobody'd peach on old Jake," the old man said with a wizen smile.

"I want the lowdown on something," Nick said. "Did Tony Caforelli bother my sister, Jo, while I was up the river?"

"No. Your sister moved out of the neighborhood." Jake paused. "I think she lived out with some people on Long Island. I hear she's married and got a couple of kids."

"I know. She wrote and told me. But I wanted to make sure."

"Tony's a big shot now. Made a killing in beer. He only goes out for dames that come in his night club. I wish I had part of his roll."

"Still putting on the poor mouth, huh, Jake? But it'll do you no good. I just got a half a sawbuck—for a rod. You'll have it back to be cleaned and sold again in twenty-four hours. Come on, break it out."

"The dicks are keeping an eye on me," Jake stalled. "I have to go easy these days—"

"I told you I have only half a sawbuck. Come on, let's have it!"

"Tony's skipped. His night club isn't making out since repeal. They got him tabbed as a public enemy. And they're trying to get him on the income tax racket."

"I'll find him," Nick said. "And he'll have no more worries about his income tax."

"He heard you were out. That's why he breezed over to his hideout."

"Where is it?" Nick snapped.

"You can't go near the place without being riddled. Tony's smart. He knew the dicks had the finger on him, and if he had you bumped off around his territory, they'd get him sure. But if you go looking for him, he'll get you where there won't be any stoolie around to put the finger on him."

"Listen, Jake, you're in business. I need a gun for protection."

"I always considered you a friend, Nickie," Jake said. "There's no percentage in—"

(Turn to page 153)

# From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.

Water, which has previously been heated, will freeze a little more rapidly than water which has not, if both are of the same temperature when placed under the same conditions for freezing. This is because water which has once been heated has lost a large percentage of its dissolved air. For the same reason, water which has been heated will freeze more solidly.



Lacquered and insulated copper wire woven into fabrics offers new methods of heating. Carpets interwoven with the wire will heat rooms of considerable size. Other suggested uses are for lap rugs, blankets, upholstery and wall coverings.

The All-American Canal, which will carry water from the Boulder Dam district through California's border-desert, will be 130 miles long, 232 feet wide and 20 feet deep—the third largest in America.

There are 13.29 telephones to every 100 persons in the United States. Washington, D. C., leads with 35.31 telephones per 100 persons. San Francisco is a close second with 35.



A phonograph record capable of playing continuously for 1,000 hours is predicted for the near future.

Oil is used occasionally to calm the sea. Its value lies in its ability to reduce the friction between the surface of the water and the winds. Thus the winds can slip over the waves more easily. Moreover the viscosity of heavy oil tends to hold the waves down and to reduce their speed.

The average American family uses a pound of coffee every eight days.

It is estimated that a wire 900 miles long can be drawn from a single pound of gold.

Water from the Sargasso Sea is the clearest found anywhere in the Atlantic Ocean.



In 1934 the American people consumed about sixty-one billion cups of coffee.

In spring the tides in the bay of Fundy rise to a height of fifty feet.

In proportion to weight the average goat gives twice as much milk as a cow. In a year's time a goat produces about fifteen times its weight in milk.

A cigarette can be lighted from a jet of superheated steam.

A recently invented pipe has three bowls. A clover leaf top set on a pivot permits the use of only one bowl at a time. One of the bowls is small permitting but a few puffs when there is time for no more.



A tin can contains only about 1.65 per cent of tin. The rest is sheet steel.

Goats are replacing cows on many small farms. This is due not only to the smaller maintenance costs but also to the fact that goat milk is in demand as a result of its health-giving qualities. Goat milk has no pronounced taste or odor when produced under sanitary conditions. It is relatively germ free and keeps well. It is used especially by persons suffering from asthma, hay fever, digestive disturbances or tubercular conditions.

Automobiles run better at night and in damp weather. This is due to presence of damp air in the combustion chamber of the engine. Experiments have shown that a slight amount of water injected into the combustion chamber of a gasoline motor tends to improve its operation.



Earthworms grow to length of three to six feet in southern countries.

The rumble following a crash of thunder is the echo reflected by the earth and clouds.

An ostrich can run at a rate of thirty miles an hour.

The cephomyia or deer-bot fly, native to the Americas and part of Europe, can travel 815 miles an hour—about fourteen miles a minute.



# Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

We often see the picture of a fish used as a symbol of the Holy Eucharist. In what way does the fish symbolize the Eucharist?

The fish is perhaps the most ancient of all Christian symbols. It was frequently used during the persecutions as a secret symbol of faith, as is evidenced by paintings in the Catacombs. To the pagans it had no meaning. To the Christians it represented Christ. The word fish in Greek consists of five letters (*ἰχθῆς*) which among the Christians stood for the five words: *Jesous Christos, Theou Uios, Soter* — Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior. Since Christ is present in the Holy Eucharist, the fish was also used to represent the Holy Eucharist. Hence the fish is often pictured with a basket of bread, recalling the miracle which prefigured the Holy Eucharist.

During recent years I have frequently heard mentioned the Papal encyclicals on working conditions and labor. What are these encyclicals?

An encyclical is a letter on some important matter addressed by the Pope to all the bishops and people of the Catholic world. Two encyclicals have been issued in recent years dealing with labor, working conditions, and economic problems in general: the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* on the Condition of Labor, issued by Pope Leo XIII on May 15, 1891, and the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* on the Reconstruction of the Social Order, issued by Pope Pius XI on May 15, 1931, the fortieth anniversary of Pope Leo's encyclical. Both of these documents set forth the Catholic doctrine on the problems of labor, working conditions, wages, the rights and duties of employers and employees, the relations between Capital and Labor, between the State and private industry, the natural right of private property as opposed to the tenets of Socialism and Communism. Not only do these documents state the Catholic doctrine, but they offer a program of social and economic reconstruction which has been hailed by many of the world's leaders as the most sound and constructive program so far attempted.

In my reading I have met the two terms "Golden Mass" and "Dry Mass". What kind of Masses are designated by these two terms?

Both of these are of historical interest. The Golden Mass was a very solemn Mass which was formerly celebrated on the Ember Wednesday of Advent in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The Dry Mass was really no Mass at all. It was a liturgical function consisting of the prayers of the Mass without the Offertory, Consecration, and Communion. The Dry Mass originated on board ship where the Consecration was often omitted on account of the danger of spilling the Precious Blood. Although it was later used as an afternoon service, it has now completely disappeared.

In the Gospel it is stated that St. John the Baptist baptized the people before Christ began His public life. Did St. John institute the Sacrament of Baptism?

No. Only Christ could institute the Sacrament of Baptism. The baptism of St. John was a Jewish rite which symbolized the washing away of sin by penance. The baptism instituted by Christ is a sacrament which actually takes away sin and gives sanctifying grace. St. John the Baptist himself admitted this distinction: "I indeed baptize you in water unto penance; but He (Christ) shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and fire" (sanctifying grace).

Why does the priest have to sing some parts of the Mass aloud and say the other parts silently to himself?

The Mass is both an act of public worship and a mystical sacrifice. The priest represents both the visible people and the invisible Christ. Those parts of the Mass which are common to both priest and people are sung or recited aloud. But the prayers which surround the Consecration are recited silently by the priest who alone has the power of performing the mystic sacrificial act.

If one is going to Holy Communion and thinks of a mortal sin which he forgot to mention in confession, must he first go to confession again before he can receive Holy Communion?

As a matter of strict obligation, no. If this sin was omitted through no fault of the penitent and the confession was sincere, then the forgotten sin was also forgiven, although there still remains the obligation of mentioning this sin in the next confession. In the meantime, however, the penitent may go to Holy Communion, since he is in the state of grace. But even though there is no strict obligation, it is advisable for the penitent to go to confession again before he goes to Holy Communion if he has a favorable opportunity, both on account of the greater purity of conscience and the more abundant fruit of the Sacrament which the confession will insure.

The charge is often brought up against the Church that Protestant countries are much more progressive than Catholic countries. What is the best answer to this argument?

In the first place, it is no argument at all. The Catholic Church promises spiritual, not material, progress. The primary aim of the Catholic Church is to save and sanctify souls for eternity; temporal prosperity follows only indirectly. But it is true that real prosperity, which means happiness, is proportionate to the observance to the law of God.—Secondly, the charge is false. Even granted that the countries which have made the greatest scientific and technical advances are predominantly Protestant, it does not follow at all that these advances are the fruit of Protestantism, or that there is any point of Catholic doctrine or practice which hinders scientific achievement. If this were the case Protestant Norway, for example, should be far in advance of Catholic Italy. Furthermore, what is progress? Human progress does not consist in multiplying machinery; it consists in the proper development of all human faculties and capacities: moral, intellectual, physical. From this viewpoint there is good reason to think that the Catholic countries of the Ages of Faith were more progressive than the Protestant or non-religious countries of today.

Is there any difference between the holy water which is used on Sundays before High Mass and the water which is used for baptisms?

Yes. Each receives a special blessing and is used for a distinct purpose. Holy water is a mixture of water and salt blessed by the priest and is used for sprinkling the people before High Mass on Sundays, for various blessings, for making the sign of the cross, and other devotions. Baptismal water is a mixture of water and the holy oils which are consecrated by the bishop. This water is used only for the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism.

# The Home Circle

## The Young Girl's Room

Every girl's ambition is to have a room of her very own, where she may take her chums, tell great secrets, have important conferences, show her G. G. book and diary, and exchange opinions on the latest party or dance. Of course, she wants this room to be as dainty as possible; wherever there is money enough to furnish such a room with new pieces, it is a comparatively simple matter to go to a furniture store and select a bedroom set in accordance with one's means. The main thing to remember, however, is, that the furniture for a girl's room must never be heavy and ponderous, but light and dainty.

While walnut is always good, yet, enameled furniture seems to lend a lighter, daintier touch to a room destined to be girlhood's sanctum. A color scheme should be decided upon first, and the rug, furniture, curtains and drapes chosen accordingly. If the room is sunny, a scheme of pale blue and gray is good, the walls, chair coverings and counterpane to be blue, and the furniture and rug of gray. Filmy ruffled curtains of marquisette in white with blue dots, solid blue, or with pretty blue floral design complete the daintiness of the room. With these thin curtains, often no drapes are used, the ruffled valance at the top being of the same transparent material, and forming a finished ensemble.

However, if drapes are preferred, glazed chintz with pale blue background and floral or simple diamond design may be used; if possible, the chairs should echo this drape design. Of course, it is not always possible to match the design of the material in a bought chair; in this case, the chair design should be plain if the drapes have a design, so as to prevent two designs from clashing. In the same way, if the walls are plain, the drapes may have a design, but if the walls are decorated in a figured paper, the drapes should be plain. In the case of a north room, pink and gray may be substituted, the idea being to inject a warm color into a room that does not receive any sunlight.

## Modern Company Keeping

### FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Each generation seems to formulate a new code of ideals, a different standard of conduct, and it is a very common occurrence to hear young people of high school age say to their parents: "Oh, you are old-fashioned! You are way behind the times!"

A mother recently was heard to say: "When I was a girl I wouldn't have thought of dancing with a fellow who had been drinking. I should have felt insulted had he asked me."

"Well, the girls now wouldn't get to dance at all if they turned down the fellows who drank," was the reply.

## Conducted by Clare Hampton

Recently in the *Norfolk Daily News* (Neb.) there appeared in the SOMEWHAT PERSONAL column, conducted by the editor, Gene Huse, the following excellent advice to his two daughters who are attending the state university. It is so well worth reading and putting into practice that we are passing it on to our youthful readers in the hope that the sound, sensible advice therein contained may give someone a new perspective for the New Year and impress all that the good old-fashioned virtues are still very much in style.

To my two daughters in the State University: You have no idea how pleased I am to have you tell me that, up to now, of all the boys you have met, and who take you to parties, not one of them has shown up with the smell of liquor on his breath. Prohibition has changed many ideas and customs, but it never will change the idea of a father. He always hopes that his children will miss the drinkers and drinking. When I was in school, many boys knew the geography of Dr. Koop's Sanitarium, and the barrel house, and the lower office, but not one of them would ever have dared call on a girl, or try to take her to a party, after he had been drinking. I hope you won't be too popular. It might go to your heads. Popularity often does, and particularly with the first- or second-year girls. . . . In some of these days you have been a little spoiled by too much attention, which I hope doesn't happen, and you begin to think there is something wrong with most everybody in the school, except yourself, and the girls are snubbing you a little bit, just go and find a great big mirror, and look into it, and you will find the cause of all your trouble. Then laugh at yourself and snap out of it!

## Glass Tableware

Never were glassware designs so numerous and beautiful, or prices so low as they are today; and best of all, we need no longer cling to the style which held sway for so many years—plain crystal, or colorless glassware. Glasses, plates, cups, platters, bowls, all come now in a bewildering array of colors, from pink, green and amber, down to the deepest shades of rich ruby and cobalt blue. Black glassware luncheon, breakfast, and bridge sets are still used, some of the more expensive sets being painted with dainty silver leaves and flowers, and some of the old style designs in milk-glass have also been revived. Prices are so low to-day that one may have two or three sets of glass dishes, each set a different color, with linens to match. Some of the color combinations are simply a delight to the eye, and in the more expensive kinds, the cut designs are new and exquisite.

There are several kinds of glass: Rock crystal, cut glass, pressed glass, hand blown glass, mould blown glass, cased glass, Waterford glass, engraved glass, hobnail glass, painted glass, flint glass and polished

glass. Rock crystal is mined out of the earth, but glassware is not made of it; this name is only given to indicate very clear, flawless glass. Cut glass is of two kinds, the deep cut kind, and the engraved kind, made with shallow lines which form a design of leaves, stems, stars, etc. Engraved glass was formerly decorated by means of a diamond-pointed tool, but an acid engraving method is more commonly used now. Hand blown glass is the kind that is blown without a mould and shaped entirely by hand with various tools; mould blown glass is blown directly into a mould. Cased glass is two layers of glass, one white or crystal, the other tinted; the layers are superimposed upon each other. Pressed glass is a type of glass made by pouring molten glass into a mould and then using a plunger to press it into all parts of the mould. Waterford glass is deeply cut in diamond pattern, and is much imitated in pressed glass. Hobnail glass has little bumps or knobs all over its surface.

The grace of the Eucharist is greater than that of the Incarnation; for in the Incarnation God deified only His Soul and His Sacred Humanity, but in this sacrifice He deifies all men.—*St. Teresa.*

### *When Reason Fails*

*(Continued from page 149)*

"Never mind the soapsuds," Nick interrupted. "I came in for a gun, not a sermon."

"Tony's only a rat. He's not worth swinging for."

"I told you I wanted it for protection. Are you going to let me have it?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "If I don't, I suppose somebody else will," he said. "But don't use it—except for protection."

He ambled to the back of the shop and brought back an innocently wrapped package, which he slid over the counter to Nick, who put it in his pocket hurriedly and threw the money on the counter.

"Now, what's the address?" Nick asked, his lips set in a firm line.

Jake shook his head slowly. "Forget about it, Nickie. Think over what I said."

"He killed my father," Nick said fiercely.

The old man shook his head again. This time sadly. He knew the code of the underworld, and that nothing he could say would matter. However, he did speak again. "I must be getting soft," he said philosophically. "Because when I see a fine boy like you, Nickie, acting like an animal, forgetting to reason, I want to

close out this joint and go away someplace where the going isn't so rough. Why don't you go away someplace, Nickie, and make a new start?"

"Save the baby talk," Nick said decisively. "I'll get my information from somebody else."

The bell on the door tinkled, and as Nick turned a slim straight girl entered. It was Jake's daughter, Miriam. She still had that abundant mass of dark hair and that breathless force of a vivid personality shining from her sparkling brown eyes. She still seemed the most alive girl Nick had ever seen.

"Nick!" she exclaimed and rushed over and shook hands with him. "I didn't think you'd be around so soon."

"How do I look?" he asked gravely.

She gazed at him. "Sort of mature. Not so boyish. But you shouldn't be now. You must be—let me see now—thirty-one."

And she was thirty. But she didn't look older than twenty-four. And just as frank and clear-eyed and clean-looking as always. Frank and clean. She wouldn't even lie after one of their escapades when they were kids. He remembered something she had said several months before he was involved in his trouble: "Just think, Nick, in a couple of more years we'll both be getting married. You know, I don't like the crowd around here. I want to marry somebody decent."

The years seemed to drift away and he spoke to her in the same personal way he used to. "You haven't met anyone decent yet, huh, Miriam?" he asked quietly.

She met his eyes in a level gaze. "I don't know," she said. "I thought I had—but—well, things didn't work out the way I had planned ahead."

"They seldom do," Nick said. "Tony Caforelli killed my father."

"So poppa told me."

Nick glanced at the old man, but the latter's expression was inscrutable as he was fixing some stock.

"The warden said I had many good years before me if I live them right."

Her voice sounded emotional. "I don't see why you can't, Nick; you were a decent boy."

Nick took the package from his pocket and slid it across the counter. "I'm still decent," he said.

## Children's Corner

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,  
Ferdinand, Indiana

### Joe's Pilgrimage

Joseph Norris was reflecting on the lesson which had been assigned for home preparation. "I wonder where I can find something about my patron, St. Joseph. That's going to be hard, but if the others can find the story of their patrons, I can do it, too."

Though Joseph was only nine years old, he had mastered many large words which he used to his own advantage. He thought that about the only word he had ever come across that he could not pronounce was "paradiaxadiamador-sanobelzol." He called that "pair o' dice, an ax, a dime, and a pencil."

Joseph went out to the kitchen and asked his mother for another cookie. "Say, Mother, your cookies are the best in the world," said Joe to his mother.

"Oh, there are many people who can make better cookies than I can," she replied.

"Don't be so hy—hy—hypothetical, Mom!" gasped Joseph.

"Well, lands sakes, Joe," said Mrs. Norris, "where did you get that?"

Joseph just smiled, as he nibbled a cookie. Then he asked, "Mom, where can I find a book about my patron?"

Mrs. Norris replied, "Why, there ought to be one upstairs."

Joseph went upstairs and rummaged through two rooms. When he finally emerged flushed and triumphant, he held the book in his hands. He started to read it at once and was pleased to find so many pictures illustrating the life of the Holy Family. The boy was so quiet that his mother came up to see what was wrong. Finding him interested in the book, she returned to her work. Soon Joseph nodded, and before long he had fallen asleep.

Joseph dreamed that he was on a great desert, struggling through the sands. The more he tried to cross the sands, the bigger they appeared. It seemed like years that he was walking till he saw several figures in the distance. He followed them and saw that there was a man leading a donkey, on which was seated a woman with a little baby. Joseph tried to catch up with the strangers, but the faster he went

the farther they seemed away. After a long time of hard travelling they came to a village. When Joseph drew near, he saw it was like no other village he had seen. "It looks very, very old," he thought, "I wonder under whose d—d—dynasty it was built."

Suddenly a man came out of one of the houses. He looked like the people who lived long ago. As Joseph approached the man, he was startled for the boy knew he had seen that face somewhere before. "Who are you?" asked Joseph.

"My name is Joseph, child," replied the man.

"Why, mine is, too," said Joseph, wonderingly. Suddenly he remembered, "Oh, I know, you are good St. Joseph."

"Saint—Saint?" said the man, questionably.

"That was you that just crossed the desert, then," Joe said.

Suddenly Joseph seemed to be whirling through the air, and he could hear the bell in the village ringing.

Joseph awoke quickly. The alarm clock was ringing. The book still lay on his lap. He realized that he had slept all night in the chair.

Joseph said to himself, as he recalled the dream of his patron, "No task will ever be too hard for me now!"

### God Loves My Garden

God loves my garden  
Better far than I.  
He gives it dew, He gives it rain,  
And then a sunlit sky;  
And, day by day, my plants reach up  
His Name to glorify.

God loves my garden,  
But, while He gives it all  
To make a garden beautiful,  
I let the weeds grow tall,  
And, careless of my keep, the plants  
Droop faint, and swoon, and fall.

How desolate my garden  
When now I pass it by!  
But God still gives it dew and rain,  
And then a sunlit sky!  
Ah, God must love my garden  
Better far than I.

—HARRISON CONRAD.

*The Picture*

Yon picture o'er the mantel  
Oft fills my heart with woe;  
Oft, when I stand before it,  
The tears begin to flow.

That is my good old mother—  
She loved me tenderly—  
Who now lies in the churchyard,  
Long years at rest is she.

And still, at times, while standing  
Before that picture old,  
It seems I can in those features  
Some trace of life behold.

It seems at me she's smiling  
And shaking her silv'ry head;  
And again the tears flow faster—  
'Tis but too true—she's dead!  
—M. J. Lochemes.

*A Wish Sincere*

A fond farewell, a wish sincere,  
For parting time is here;  
And over now are the days you've spent  
On schoolroom tasks intent.

May all the seeds of knowledge spring  
To fruitage ripe and bring  
A harvest rich for you to hold,  
Of better wealth than gold.

A vision clear, a purpose true;  
May these be given you;  
The best to seek, the best to give,  
To love, to nobly live.

*Portugal*

There's a sunny land called Portugal,  
Away across the seas,  
Where folks must be peculiar,  
For they call them Portugese.

The men are very stiff and proud,  
Indeed there are no grander;  
It's easy to be dignified  
When one's a Portugander.

The ladies must look funny, though,  
E'en when their dressed up spruce,  
Alas! what else do you expect?  
Each one's a Portuoose.

But you must like the children,  
Or else you're hard to suit,  
For they are Portugoslings,  
And goslings are so cute!

—Selected.

*Heaven's Telephone*

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

*Child:*

They say that up in heaven's court,  
Beside each Saint's bright throne,  
There hangs for all earth's needy ones  
A golden telephone.

*Guardian Angel:*

By this is meant, my child, that God  
In wisdom has decreed  
That you should humbly ask in prayer  
For anything you need.

Just give your favorite Saint a ring  
And ask him to obtain  
The grace you need, the gift you want.  
He will not ask in vain.

*Child:*

But does God like it that we call  
The Saints instead of Him?  
And does He hear their earnest plea  
For ev'ry childish whim?

*Guardian Angel:*

Ah, yes, my child, the Saints on earth  
Have always done *God's* will.  
So now He takes supreme delight  
Their every wish to fill.

But God has need of none to ask  
Him in your name for grace—  
His Sacred Heart's the great Exchange  
Through which each call you place.

*Child:*

There Central's Jesus' throbbing Heart?  
What may His number be?

*Guardian Angel:*

I'll tell you gladly. Write it down!  
It's "Jeremias—three, three—three"—  
Just "*cry to me*  
And I'll hear thee."



*The Lovely Enigma**(Continued from page 137)*

"Think I'd know her after four years, Alphonse?" asked Charles.

"I think so, though I hardly know the girl in this cap and gown picture myself. Anyhow, somebody's got to be at the Commencement Exercises, and afterwards you are to meet at the Academy front. Take this picture and do some inquiring if you get mixed up."

"She's very beautiful now, isn't she? I can remember though that the miss of seventeen who left us four years ago was not a sorry picture for one's eyes either. Confidentially, Alphonse, I always admired your sister very much—too much. She always had such odd ideas and such a dislike of conventions. Now, I don't mean she ever acted improperly, but no one was ever beneath her in her eyes; everyone was good if only the good was brought out. What time do I meet her at the Academy tomorrow?"

"At one. The class have breakfast or something after Commencement. You can find St. Mary's?"

"Oh, yes, about five miles this side of Terre Haute. I'll bring her safe and sound to you tomorrow evening about ten. And—thanks for the privilege." With a handclasp the friends parted.

"What did Al want?" inquired Jim flippantly.

"Wanted me to drive for his sister and girl friend tomorrow at her college," replied Charles without tone color.

"You like her, don't you? Always did. Well, serving her won't win you any favor in her eyes. Girls don't like to be served. I know. Let her take the train home; it'll show her she's not so important."

"Marianne doesn't think she's important."

"All girls do, especially rich and pretty college girls."

"I don't grant that; but even if I did, Marianne would be the exception that proved the rule."

"Trusting Charley! Old King James claimed his rights and got along pretty well. King Charles didn't do so well."

"King James was made to leave England in favor of others."

"He wasn't firm enough."

"Oh, what the deuce! We don't know enough English history to argue about such details. We're Canadians anyhow."

"But we're living in Chicago in the twentieth century. Don't be so ancient, Charley. I usually go over big with the girls. Do you? No. Why not try my policy?"

"I haven't your conceit."

"I'll wager you I make Marianne think a lot of me."

"Then what?"

"Then I'll tell her what I think of girls in general and go happily on my pleasant journey of life."

"All is fair in love I suppose—in your creed. Well, I'm going to keep on being myself. It's all well for you to talk, but I happen to love Marianne."

"A youth of 19 loved a maid of 17; but you are both different now. Anyhow, she hardly knew you existed."

"Well, she will now."

"She'll know you exist, but that's about all. You are dead, boring, too devout a type. Learn from your kid brother!"

"You've said about enough, Jim." Charley was aroused.

"Women go for looks. I've got you there."

"I don't grant that either. Women have a keen sense of values."

"Deeds talk. I'll show you who the maiden prefers. You bring her here—I'll handle her."

"Are you really so blamed conceited as all that?"

"Just beginning to comprehend your younger brother? You have all the dullness attributed to Englishmen."

"Only attributed, Jim, not a fact."

"It's a fact in your case."

"I've got to be starting."

"Go along, servant boy."

"See here, Jim, since Mother died I'm to look after you. You are still twenty-one and a big baby. Get a little sense into you and cut the conceited airs and have a little respect when talking to your elder brother. I mean it, Jim. I've stood about enough."

"Afraid you can't win your girl?" Insolently from Jim.

"No. I'm sure she wouldn't care for your type."

"I've got a good laugh coming on you when she does!"

"He who laughs last always laughs best." Charles left.

Jim went to the desk and wrote several invitations. He would give a little tea in honor of the homecoming of Miss Renneau. She must meet the crowd of course. Marianne would be his partner at the tea; Alphonse could take Marie La Rue.

(To be continued)

### **Catholic Philosophy**

(Continued from page 138)

before entering upon his course of theology. Moreover the Church prescribes that philosophy must be taught according to the mind and principles of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Catholic philosophy is that philosophy which has always been encouraged and promoted by the Church. The philosophy that is encouraged by the Church was developed and systematized by Aristotle; it was christianized by St. Thomas. During the christian era the philosophers who taught this philosophy were men imbued with the christian principles. They were careful not to deduce any conclusions contrary or hostile to the truths taught by the Church. They did not do this in a spirit of servility but because they understood that it is stupidity to contradict revealed truth. For the true philosophy recognizes the divine origin of all truth.

Catholic philosophy is also called scholastic philosophy because it was taught in the schools of the Middle Ages. Since all the schools of the Middle Ages were Catholic, scholastic philosophy, i. e. philosophy taught in the schools, and catholic philosophy became synonymous. Since the philosophy which is encouraged by the Church today is the same fundamental body of doctrines that were taught in the Middle Ages, catholic philosophy is today also called scholastic even if it is not taught in schools, whereas modern philosophy, because it is not catholic, is not called scholastic even if it is taught in schools.

### **A Pair of English Martyrs**

(Continued from page 148)

capacity he was bound by the law of the country to have them arrested if they would not undo the harm done. But we have his own word for it that only in two cases did he order any beating of offenders. One was a youth in his own service who had learnt from his father offensive words against the Blessed Sacrament and had uttered them before the children of the house. He had him punished as he would have punished one of his own children in the same case. Another one, an adult, had behaved shamelessly in a church and had acted like a madman. He received a number of stripes with a rod which cured his insanity and made him own and repent of his scandalous conduct.

One of the new chancellor's first duties was the opening of the "Long Parliament," so called because it lasted seven years. It proved fatal to himself, because the same assembly six years later passed a bill of attainder which led to his execution. At the opening of it he brought to them a message of the king that their business would be to reform such things as had been used or permitted by inadvertence, or which by change of time had become inexpedient. But in fact these expressions cloaked the intention of the king to frighten the clergy into subservience to his pleasure in case the Pope would not annul the marriage. Whilst holding out on the one hand threats to them for some pretended violations of the royal prerogatives, and on the other hand promising pardon if they did his will, he obtained from the bishops on February 11, 1531, the acknowledgement of the title "supreme head of the English church and clergy," with the clause urged by Bishop Fisher: "as far as the law of Christ permits."

The farsighted chancellor anticipated worse things to follow. The Spanish ambassador wrote at the time: "The chancellor is so mortified at this declaration that he is anxious above all to resign his office." No doubt he was urged by good people to remain in his position in the hope that he might be able to prevent greater evils. But when he had incurred the king's anger the next year by opposing some legislation against the episcopal jurisdiction, he asked through the Duke of Norfolk to be relieved of his office. His excuse was that his salary (having no other income like his clerical predeces-

sors) was too small for the expenses he had to incur, and that he was not equal to the work (which meant he was now unable conscientiously to carry out measures that were against his religious convictions.) Leaving office he did his best to procure employment for the retainers he had hitherto needed, and, having little private income, he reduced the expenses of his own household. This latter step must have been most painful for him, although he made merry of it; for he was, as we know, a most loving and generous husband and father.

(To be continued)

### *A Picturesque Garden*

Sometimes, in parts of the city where the land is hilly or has a sharp slope, building lots are laid out and sold quite cheaply because of the uneven contour of the landscape. One real estate company purchased such a piece of land, long sidestepped by other companies, because they thought it undesirable. This company built picturesque little bungalows all the way down the street, but summer passed into autumn, and autumn into winter, and no one seemed to care to purchase property whose back yard ran down in a sharp slope to a creek bottom, even though the lots were two hundred feet deep, and the view from the rear windows presented a dense mass of trees, bushes and wild undergrowth—a background of greenery far preferable to a lot of sheds and garages.

But one snowy Sunday, a man and his wife came along and inspected several of the houses; the view from the back windows was entrancing in its blanket of snow. "But the yard slants so sharply!" objected the wife. "That's just what I want; you wait!" And the man's eyes held dreams; he already saw in that bleak back yard the lovely summer garden he had in mind. They took one of the bungalows and moved in.

All winter the man brought rocks home from rides in the country—long ones, short ones, flat ones, bulky ones, and when Spring came, he was ready. First, he had a man help him dig the yard into four terraces. Down the center he built a rambling rock stairway clear to the back of the lot; it had four landings. On the first terrace he had a gold-fish and water lily pond; the slant sides of each terrace were laid with sponge rock and planted with flowers in between. The flat part of each terrace was lawn.

The second terrace had a fountain with more rocks, and ferns and aquatic plants all around it; on the on the other side were several white lawn chairs. On the third terrace there was a table with brilliant striped umbrella, and four chairs; on the other side, a lawn swing. On the last terrace, children's play apparatus—slide, see-saw, sand box, etc. The back of the lot was planted with poplars and bushes. It became the show-place of the neighborhood and helped sell all the other bungalows.

### *Books Received*

*At Mass with Mary* by John Sexton Kennedy. Paper. 5 cents. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 1935. 24 pages.

In this pamphlet the author gives us a new method of hearing Mass by trying to excite in our souls the sentiments of Our Blessed Lady as she assisted at the first Mass, offered by her Son on the Altar of the Cross. New viewpoints stimulate our devotion and keep it from falling a prey to that enervating disease called "routine." This booklet offers an antidote that is both simple and effective.

*Prayers for Our Times* by Rev. James J. McQuade, S. J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 1935. 24 pages. 5 cents.

According to the author "these prayers contain the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ as applied to individual and social devotional life. The petitions made in them embody the applications of this beautiful truth to life in modern society. The prayers are offered in the hope that they may prove useful in bringing the concept of the Mystical Body of Christ more vividly into Catholic consciousness." They are grouped under the following heads: For a right viewpoint; That the Mass may matter: Against Communism; Against Capitalism; For Catholic Action; We thank you; For International Peace; For a Catholic Social Order.

THE COURT OF KINDNESS can use old magazines, books, and clothes. Please send prepaid express to

**Sr. Mary Louise, 606 Eastern Ave., Janesville, Wis.**

### *Daughters of Good Families*

(18 to 25 years of age)

who have the vocation for a religious life and wish to dedicate themselves to the Divine Heart of Jesus for the *Salvation of Souls* will be received by the Carmelites of the Divine Heart of Jesus, Provincial House, 1214 Kavanaugh pl., Wauwatosa, Wis.

### *Our Scholarships*

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$4050.22. Total: \$4050.22.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3664.90. Mrs. N. C., Mich., \$5. Total: \$3669.90.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3614.21. K. A. R., Ala., \$3. Total: \$3617.21.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3324.84. M. S., Mich., \$1. Total: \$3325.84.

### *Grail Building Fund*

Indiana: E. V., 10¢; Mrs. M. G., \$1; Michigan: Mr. & Mrs. S. G., \$5; New Jersey: Mrs. M. E., \$1; New York: M. Mc D., \$1; M. F., \$1; Ohio: Mrs. M. A., \$1; Mrs. E. V., \$2.

Address all communications to

THE ABBEY PRESS,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

No. 5

aper.  
1935.

ethod  
s the  
at the  
f the  
and  
sease  
that

ruade,  
. 24

n the  
ed to  
made  
truth  
ed in  
g the  
ividly  
under  
at the  
rainst  
you;  
Order.

e old  
send

Wis.

3

and  
heart  
e re-  
heart  
augh

knowl-

knowl-

69.90.

knowl-

17.21.

knowl-

.84.

igan:  
t., \$1;  
M. A.,

ana.